

and brown, Upon a big platter was turned upside

With its legs pointed skyward, its wings pinioned back, Asold Farmer John-son began the at-

Thought never a damsel was one-half so bonnie.
The 'armer's boy Albert was equally sure
That May—Jennie's sister—his heartache could

And so these two sisters, by special request.

Were there to take dinner, dressed up in their

Seemie was pretty, and dainty though vain, While May was more sensible, homely, and "Give Jennie the wishbone," said Johnnie at

Accordingly, to her the wishbone was passed,
And all the while that her dinner she ate,
The wishbone was resting close by her plate.
With united action, they all waded in,
Till their knives and their forks made a regular the turkey, when finally laid on the shelf.
Was only a wreck of its once gorgeous self.
The squash, the potatoes, and cranberry sauce,
And mince pie and pumpkin, with crust all em-

Had each done its duty, and every one Drew back and declared the dinner was done, 'Now, then, who will wish?" cried Jennio, the

As high up she held the wishbone in air.
"I will!" said they all, and then came a scuffle
Insomuch that the wishbone was lost in the

shuffle.

May was the first one the wishbone to spy,
And pursued by Johnnie, she quickly delify
Clear through the sitting-room, into the hall,
In chamber, in cellar, in parlor, and all.

Then from sheer exhaustion dropped into

With cheeks all aglow, and tumble-down bair; And Johnnie rushed up, and without much ado, Sanacked a kiss on her lips, and I don't know "Let us wish," said May, "for I still have the

bone.

It is due you, I think, for your chase to atone."

Now, dear reader, we ought to have told you before, That, though May liked Albert, she loved John-

They pulled on the wishbone, and May won the place! But what was her gain was by no means his For from that very minute affairs took a turn, And Johnnie and May are so triendly, we learn, That when Thanksgiving Day again takes its

They'll have hooked up together for life's rugged race.
We know not what Alfred and Jennie will do,
But the neighbors all think they will get mar-

Now May is ready at all times to own That there's boundless virtue in a turkey's

LIKED TO MAKE A SHOW.



HE Beggerley's comhing here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettleby. if I know it.

Mrs. Nettleby was a close-fisted and calculating woman, who we going?" lived in a handsome house in a stylish

neighborhood in N-, and was one of those who, as her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flea to save the hide and tallow." to make a show, but she had a deeprooted aversion to spending. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving Day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concom-

Mr. Nettleby, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming.

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Sugartuck County." Mr. Nettleby feit of his chin. "They

especially."
O. fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the Lots of people, ma'am," said Mary, children. And as for staying at home to looking guiltily over her shoulder. gorge Mrs. Beggerley and her six children, and Mr. Beggerley's two sisters, I tress.

ing cottage to the well for water, was de to understand what was wanted. "Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in the high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come Thanksgiving Day.

The turkey, all stuffed, and basted and brown, and basted and brown.

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I gues," said the little woman. But Mrs. Nettleby knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph.

And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had He carved a nice
piece from the rich
steaming breast.
And passed to his
wife — the first
piece, and best;
Then said, "Now,
Miss Jenny, what
cut do you like?"
"O, please give me
just what you hapThe little old wown and after some medic

pen to strike—
The little ol i woman, after some meditation, sa d that it was Jones. At least dark, or a log, or a wing." she thought it was Jones. She wasn't wing. quite certain. It might be Smith, or it She was a guest, and a sweet, protty thing might be Brown. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street. It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettlebys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's Depot, as Mrs. Nettleby found to her cost when she paid five

dollars for a back to take her back to Ladd's Depot. On inquiry it was found that there were



"THAT'S VERY STRANGE; I TELEGRAPHED MER : WAS COMING."

about half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's Depot. The first place to which they drove on Thorn street was And her honest wish, when she pulled on that a tenement house, where they all had the was that some day she might have him all for tleby, "drive on, quick. This isn't the

The next was a clergyman's house, where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on. "This isn't the place, either." said poor Mrs. Nettleby, waxing

more and more in despair. And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid who lived with her married sister, and "never had heard the name of Peck-

field in her life. "What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettleby. "And to-morrow is Thank-giving Day. Is there a train goes back to-

it's past eleven a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for no ody! But I s'pose I could take you to the twelve-

thirty night express for a little extra!" And this moderate specimen of the tribe of backmen consented to be satisfied with eight dollars,

"Ma?" whispered Gervase, "where are

"Home," said Mrs. Nettleby, pronouncing the word as if it were a peanut shell she was cracking. There was one com-fort, though—the Beggerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, Mrs. Nettleby liked after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at thirty cents a pound.

It was 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent head che on her own score, and one of the travel-ing-bags lost! "I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettleby to herself, "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettleby's got company to Thankigiving, after all!" And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true. The servant-maid, with "haven't invited us," said he; "that is, not | a red and flurred face, opened the door. 'Mary!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "who's

here? "Where are they?" demanded her mis-



won't do it. Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost three dollars at | Mary threw open the door, thereby disthe very least. Get me a time-table, Nettleby. Send word to Mr., Beggerley that I've gone away to spend Thanks- pie that was a mountain in itself, and a

giving."
Mr. Nettleby, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any to the probable amount of dollars sunk in other matter, wrote the letter acco d. its crimson billows; while, seated in hosangly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it rem ined; for he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettleby packed up her the six little Begge leys, Mr. and Mrs. own things and the thinks of the four Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the little Nettletys, and took the afternoon six Leonards of Maine, second cousins train for Serag Hollow, in Su artuck of Mr. Nettlebr-twenty-six in all-in-

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettlebythe juvenile scions of the house of Nettleby all had high-sounding appellations
— it looks all shut up and ionely. I don't believe any one is at home."
"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "People

in the country always live in the back part of the house." And carrying a beavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the near door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Ger-

"In the dining-room, ma'am." And closing a long table with three huge turkeys, well browned, and a savory chickenglass reservoir of cranberry sauce that set Mrs. Nettleby calculating at once as pitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Beggerley, the two sisters, and

cluding her husband. Mrs. Nettleby and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettleby had rather a hard time of it that

night. "My dear," soid that sacrificial lamb, what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

wase, each lugging a smaller bay.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighbor
Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and GerWho is the bitterest scorn, "couldn't you close all the blinds, and lock the should get front door, and go down cellar and pre
Picayane.

tend not to be at home? I've no pa-

tience with you Three days afterward the three young est Nettlebys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them, the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettleby had her winter's work before her.

some relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettleby. "I telegraphed to her that I was felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclama-"I wish to goodness I had stayed at

What Next?

John Dervent and Peter Lotz were graduated at the same college on the same day with equal honors. Both men went West, and settled on ranches. After six years one of their old preceptors visited them.

John was prosperous, but he knew nothing of the world outside of his own ranch. He took no interest in politics, in religion, in books, or in social questions; he hardly knew who was President; he had long ago lighted his fires with his text-books. For two days he talked to his visitor of his cows and bullocks, of the rates of cattle on the hoof in Chicago, and of beef in New

When the professor tried to interest him in any other matter, he stared at him vacantly, or fell asleep in his chair. The visitor went on with anxious foreboding to Lotz's ranch. Peter, too, had been successful; he was shrewd and alert in his business, but he was a man of broad general information and sympathies. His interest was as keen in the questions of the day as if he lived in New York or Chicago. His friend asked him presently how he had contrived to keep himself thus

alive and young in thought.

"My father," said Peter, laughing,
"was a fruit-grower. He had one maxim: 'Never let your orchard run down.' He incessantly set out new trees, that were growing and ready to bear when the old ones were out.

"When I left college, my brain was very much like an orchard with plenty of plants in it ready to bear fruit.] resolved not to 'let it run down,' I would not be satisfied with the knowledge I already had. I would bring in new slips and seedlings. I took the best daily newspaper, the best literary magazine, the best religious journal in the country. I helped build a church and school-house in the neighborhood. I got up reading clubs, lectures and concerts. In short, I followed my father's rule, and set out new plants in my brain, instead of waiting calmly until the old ones should wither and die.

It is easy to tell, when we meet middle-aged or old people, whether they have, like John Dervent, left the intellectual growth of their youth to wither and die, or, like his classmate, have taken in daily new ideas and knowledge.

"What next?" says the busy farmer, as he looks at the ground from which one crop has just been reaped. He makes haste to sow another.

Many of the boys and girls who read these words have lately received a diploma at some college or school, and gone out into the world.

What next? Is your intellectual life to end now? Is your brain to feed, during all these coming years, on the small portions of Greek, mathematics and history it has received? Or will you daily plant the seed of a fact here, or set the graft of a new thought there?

The man of to-day must work hard. if he means to keep himself up with the life of his time. So rapid is the march of intellectual development that the man who does not do this is soon pushed aside and forgotten .- Youth's Companion.

What Rare Stamps Are Worth.

The high prices which the rarest specimens of stamps now realize will explain how it is that the trade in forgeries has become what it is in these days. The 1840 English stamp, V. R. (black), with the letters in the upper corners, will easily fetch £10 used and £5 unused. The black stamp, without the letters V. R., can be sold for one penny and two pennies each. The red penny English stamp heads are not worth much more than waste-paper price. The standing prices are for the rarest stamps:

Cabul, complete issues.....£300
 Cabili, Samplete Issues
 200

 2 1847, Mauritius
 200

 4 1852, Sandwich Islands
 200

 3 1856, British Guiana
 120

 4 1850, British Guiana
 100

 7 Natal, first issue
 100

 5 1800, Cape of Good Hops
 40

 8 Burnes Avres
 35
 -London Globe.

Badly Twisted.

Customer (rushing into hardware store)-I've just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper. Facetious dealer-Don't you mean a pop-corner?

"Yes, a cop-porner. Hurry up!" "Don't you mean a pon-corper?" "Hang it" (excitedly), "I said porncopper, didn't I?"
"No" (also excited), "you said pon-

corper." "I said corp-ponner."

"You said porp-conner."
"I didn't."

"You did." "You lie."

"You're another." "Take that."

"And that"

(Five dollars or thirty days next morning.)-New York Sun.

A Presuming Little Girl.

A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher. "Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones, "say 'presume.' " Presently one of Mary's little play-

mates coming up to her, remarked: "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by pre-

WHEN thieves fall out honest men should get their work in,-New Orleans

CHIEF SITTING BULL.

ACCORDING TO GENERAL CROOK HE WAS AN ARRANT COWARD.

Only a Medicine Man, He Ran Away from the Custer Fight and Viewed It from a Hill-Queer Experiences of the Sioux



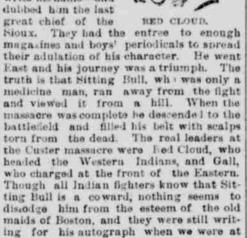
turn from the land of the redman, Gen. Crook, Major Warner and Mr. Foster, the gentlemen composing the have had many interesting experiences to tell of their visit among the Sioux. Asked about the prominent people among the Indians, especially concerning Sitting Bull, Major Warner said: "A great chief

A among the whites, but a mere medicine man among the In-"Of course he would not sign the ratifi-

cation," said Gen. Crook. "He knew it would injure his reputation with the old maids around Boston, who have given him his fame, to have it go abroad that he had consented to the surrender of the Indian lands to the government. We made an effort to bring him over. He is without influence among his own people, and they knew his stubbornness sprang not from patriotism. It is odd-the name Sitting Ball has throughout the world. It arose from a false account, originated by himself, of the Custer massacre. He was the first Indian to bring a report of the affair to a telegraph sta-

tion, and the picture he drew of the massacre, with himself in the thick of the fight, scalping officers and soldiers right and left, made an indelible impression on the aforesaid maids. They sent him presents, bought his autograph at stiff pricesfor he had learned at an agency school to write his name - and dubbed him the last great chief of the

Standing Rock. 1

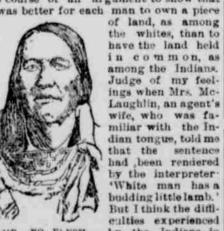


"From what Indians did you encounter the strongest opposition?" "From the rich squaw men among the Cheyennes," said Mr. Foster. "The squaw men are whites who have married Indian | Rock agency," anwomen and been adopted into the tribes. Under the treaty of 1868 they are regarded as Indians, and their signatures were as necessary a those of the real

"Rich, did you say?" "Yes, some of them are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in cattle, which range along the Cheyenne river. That is why they declined to sign. They did not want their pastures abridged by the cession of land to the government. The wealthier squaw men are old Frenchmen who went out West as boys with the American Fur company. Depre, Narcisse Narcelles, and Claymore on the Cheyenne

are worth at least \$100,000 each. "Depre has the only herd of buffalo left in the country. He has only twelve, but he is trying to preserve them as if his hope of returning to Paris when dead depended on And he has a daughter, half-bloodes, of course, who is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Her form is perfect, possessing the litheness of her mother's race idealized, her cheeks are tinted bronze, and her eyes are deep brown. I did not see her mother, but was told she was a veritable Pocahontas. The daughter is married to Douglas Carlin, a son of Cen. Carlin, and

they live at the Cheyenne agency.
"We had many funny experiences,"
continued Mr. Foster. "We always had difficulty in getting ourselves understood in our set speeches to the Indian councils. We relied on local interpreters-in most cases Indians who had been taught our language at the agencies-and the way they bungled our speeches would have made a man, proud of his oratory, sick. I was making a speech at Standing Rock. 'White man has but little land,' I said in the course of an argument to show that it was better for each man to own a piece



'White man has a budding little lamb. But I think the difficulties experienced MR. NO FLESH, by the Indians in mastering our language may be best illustrated by a letter, of which I had an exact copy made, written by the 14-year-old granddaughter of Red Cloud to her cousin, the granddaughter of old No Flesh. It is the result of seven years of boarding school culture, aided by a velume of Crabbe's Synonyms, on a promising feminine sav-

age mind. This is the letter: "OGALLA BOARDING SCHOOL, PINE RIDGE AGENCY, Dakota, June 4, 1882.-My Dear Cousin: I am going to drop them few lines to let you know I am going to interilueation to you, but I am not going to informant you many words, we all go ing to have vacation next three weeks. did not accept your acceptable letter for long ago but you must excuse me my cousin you must intellectually what I says I am in a hurry to interlineation so I must interlineation incompassionate words so you must ask your teacher their bein them interrogation and dear cousin two interrupt me I interlineation this letter but their do so this I made black all over that one a blot; I instrumentality ask your instructor I am going to beli you who I stay with in this

Florence Hawk them 2 girls I stay with them in here. Next time if you send me one of your picture I will send you one ac-curate ribbon or one of my picture is not so compassionate to take their nicture so if you accept my indigent letter I will ac-cept your letter before the instrument make us have vacation. Now this all,



am going to work now bell rang so I must going go to work I work in laundry whis ask your abodarian, this one meant teacher that is me Miss Emily R. Cloud to her cousin Mabel No Flesh good by & by write soon I am astonished hurrah."

"O'd No Flesh, Mabel's grandfather, said Major Warner, "was a big, bony Indian of iron constitution, the stanchest courage, and great influence at Pine Ridge. So remarkably free was he of any surplus fesh that the Indians, who are never fat, accentuated his

name they gave old MAN AFRAID OF him. He was in his norses. favor of the ratification and gave us powerful aid. But after putting his own signature to the papers which yielded up his land he died.

"Are any of the chiefs who wore the war paint in the bloody forties still alive?

"Scarcely one," said Gen, Crook. "The Indians have few veterans in the sense of old warriors. If they had a pension bureau the pensions would have to be drawn by their young and middle-aged fighting men or left undrawn. The oldest chief of any note we met was Old Man Afraid of His Horses, whose reputation is as much due to the prowess of his son, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, as to his own deeds. Yet he is but 70 years old. He makes a venerable figure, however, among his people, and in a council of the chiefs passes for one who draws his wisdom not alone from this life. His face, strangely enough for an Indian's, wears a serene smile which seems to bear out the character."

"Did you meet any Indians whose intelligence really im-

pressed you?" "At the Standing swered Mr. Foster, 'we met a man whose strong sense would be conceded anywhere, and who struck us an intellectual giant in comparison with other Indians. He known to the whites as John Grass and

to the Indians as Charging Bear, and by reason of his superior mind is the most prominent chief on the reservation. He could not be the leader he is, however, were he not known, to be also brave. His speech in answer to the proposition we submitted his tribe for accession of part of their ter-ritory was by far the ablest we heard, and every chief of any following at all addressed us. I have preserved a shorthand report of the interperter's version of his speech. It will show that he understood the treaty of 1868 and the recent act of



RED CLOUD'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Congress with a regard to detail beyond the grasp of most Indians. His questions were pertinent, and his illustration of the impression produced on him by the government's proposal to pay \$1.55 an acre for surrendered land which might be settled by whites the first year, 75 cents the second year, and 50 cents thereafter was particularly good."

THE frigate bird of Africa is the swiftest of winged creatures-so rapid that sailors believe it can start from home in the morning and alight in America on the evening of the same day, thus crossing the Atlantic in about eleven hours. Enlightened observers, however, place the speed at one hundred miles an hour.

It is asserted that no flowering plant was ever found growing within the Antarctic Circle. But thece are 762 different kinds in the Arctic Circle, fifty of which are confined to that region. The colors are chiefly white and vellow.

It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the arsenites are effective against the codling moth; that in their use there is no danger to the fruit of Scarding School Miss Julia Eemp & the tree upon which they are used.

THINGS TO BE THANKPUL FOR



Thankful the mercury has not yet







Thankful that no company is present



Thankful he left the safe.



Thankful there is but one amateur



Thankful everything was not put

out of his reach.



Thankful all things earthly must

The same of the sa